

# THE DEMOCRAT.

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI.

## THE FARMER GOT EVEN.

With Carpet-Bag of Hornets He Was Equal to the Bunco Men.



When Silas came to town Saturday he came with the avowed intention of revenging himself on a smooth-spoken young man who had met him on a former visit and had relieved him of a carpet sack containing the visitor's money and return ticket. He did not expect to encounter the same fellow, but made up his mind to administer to the first man who claimed to know him the warmest reception the scoundrel had ever met with.

Tatman came from Bunkum. Bunkum is not on the map, and one could go to the place with a repeating rifle and shoot all the inhabitants without reloading. But, small as it is, it can boast of a citizen who outwitted four of the cleverest "con" men in Chicago.

Bunkum is also renowned for its large hornets' nests and the warlike and "gronchy" disposition of their occupants. In Tatman's hog lot hung one of these nests from the limb of a locust tree. It was a gigantic specimen and the terror of the neighborhood.

The morning before Silas left for Chicago he went into the hog lot very early, before the hornets were astir. He took with him an old green carpet bag, and this he opened and slipped carefully around the oblong nest, closing the clasp quickly without losing a hornet. When he took the train later in the day he smiled with delight when he thought of the harrowing scene that would take place when the carpet bag was opened.

When Silas arrived at the depot, instead of going to the hotel, he sat down in the smoking room and waited. His mission was similar to that of the confidence man. He was in quest of a stranger who would cultivate his acquaintance only to rob him of his hornets and regret it to his dying day. Occasionally Farmer Tatman would look down at his carpet bag. As he did so he shook with glee.

The Bunkum farmer had not been seated five minutes when he was approached by a fellow with a sharp, inquisitive nose and a checked suit. "Ah, ha!" thought Tatman, as the stranger extended his hand, "I've got you."

"I believe I know you," said the sharp-nosed individual. "Let me see, you are from—"

"Bunkum," replied Tatman.

"To be sure; Bunkum. And your name is—"

"Tatman."

"Why, of course. How are you, Mr. Tatman?"

"Tolerable," and Tatman looked down at his hornets and chuckled.

"My name is Cunningham," went on the stranger, grasping one of Silas' hands in both his own. "You remember I was visiting in Bunkum a few years ago with Banker—"

"Oh, I never can remember names. You know who I mean, though. He was the principal banker in your town."

"There never was a banker within twenty miles of Bunkum. But Farmer Tatman was playing a hand, so he said. 'Know 'im. Well, I should say so. Do you mean old Squire Jones?'"

"Jones, of course. Ha, ha, ha! Strange I couldn't remember the name."

"Ha, ha, ha! 'Twas kinder funny."

And Silas fairly danced with joy. "I reckon that hain't a nice quiet little place somewhere where a feller can



"I BELIEVE I KNOW YOU."

talk with a friend what he ain't seen for nigh on to two year." This was just what Cunningham wanted.

"Oh, yes," said he, in his softest tone. "I know just the place. It's not over a block from here."

"Then I reckon we might as well go if you're sure it's safe walking through the streets with as much money as I've got in this here satchel."

At the word money Silas detected an expression of eagerness and pleasure on the scoundrel's face, and the fellow's fingers seemed to itch as the two walked along.

"Ain't you afraid," said he, "of being robbed?"

"Well, you just bet your sweet life the fellow who opens old Silas Tatman's valise will be sorry," and the Bunkum farmer smiled inwardly.

Here Cunningham turned on a little side street, leading his friend by the

arm. About half way down the block they turned into a dark and dingy-looking saloon. Cunningham spoke familiarly to the barkeeper, who directed them to a wine-room in the back of the place. The two sat down at the table and were joined presently by three other men. One of them was a fat man, who tried to get Tatman to play cards, "just for fun."

Another one of the men wore a white vest and a polka dot necktie. He did all the talking, and after Cunningham had whispered a few words in the fellow's ears he could hardly keep his eyes off the carpetbag. He was introduced to Tatman as Thomas W. Bloomfield, the board of trade man.

"It seems, Mr. Tatman," said Bloomfield, "that you are very careless with your money. Mr. Cunningham tells me that you carry it in your satchel."

"You bet I have got a lot of money in that 'ere old carpetbag. I was kinder thinkin' of speculatin' with it."

"Perhaps you would like to have me invest it in wheat. I think you could make a big stake."

"I'm kinder 'fraid of losin' it."

"Oh, not at all; not if it's well invested. People only lose their money through carelessness. But of course some one has to lose money to keep the stuff properly in circulation."

"Well, I hain't got much money to lose, and I'm feared if I was to open that 'ere bag that mine would get to circulate, and you bet it would circulate mighty dern fast."

"Well, if you did lose it it would stick to some one's fingers."

"You bet your blame life she would, and she'd stick purty good darned fast."

"So you don't want me to invest it for you?"

"I'm a little bit scary 'bout puttin' it in wheat."

"No risk whatever," said Bloomfield. "Why, I tell you, Mr. Tatman, a good speculator can pick money off the trees here in Chicago."

Bloomfield's expression tickled Tatman. He laughed uproariously and then said:

"You can pick it off the trees in Bunkum, too, but you can't keep it long, 'cause it circulates too dern fast."

By this time the men were growing impatient, and Tatman noticed that they looked more frequently at the carpetbag. He thought it about time to take his revenge, so he said:

"Well, gentlemen, I reckon I'd better be goin', and I'd like to leave that 'ere money with you, so as it'll be safe while I hunt up a stoppin' place."

The men were perfectly willing to accommodate Farmer Tatman. They assured him that the carpetbag and its contents would be perfectly safe, and



TATMAN SAW HIS FIVE FRIENDS LIMPING.

that they would be willing to wait until he came back.

"Much obliged, gentlemen," and Tatman arose. "Tisn't very often that a feller meets such kind friends as you are in a strange city, and it's kinder soothin' ter know that a fellow's leavin' his money with honest people. I reckon I'll be back in about an hour." And Tatman once more thanked his friends as he passed out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Tatman did not leave the saloon, as the men expected. By a clever dodge he managed to slip the key of the door in his pocket before he left the room. He remained on the outside long enough to silently turn the bolt in the lock, after which he slipped into the adjoining room. He did not wait long before he heard one of the men say:

"Well, that was the easiest snap I ever saw." Silas recognized the voice as that of Cunningham. Then Bloomfield answered:

"Easy! Why, you could rob that fool before his eyes and he wouldn't know it. Hand up the granger's grip-sack."

Tatman heard the sound of the grip-sack striking the top of the table. Then he heard them prying at the lock. Presently he heard the clasp give, and in another instant a piercing yelp rent the air. Whack! Crash! Bang! The chairs were upturned and the table was tumbled over in the mad scramble for the door.

Then he heard some one say: "Great heavens! They're hornets and the door is locked."

The howls and yelps which followed brought the bartender and the proprietor to the scene. The Bunkum farmer seized the opportunity to slip out of the saloon, and as he was passing into the street he heard the door crash in as one of the men on the inside dealt it a blow with a chair. Over his shoulder he saw a stream of hornets sail after the bartender.

Twenty minutes later, from his retreat in the alley across the street, Tatman saw his five friends limping out of the saloon to the ambulance, which had been called, and which had backed up to the curbstone.—Inter Ocean.

—Edward I. was six feet two inches high, and it is said that the tips of his middle fingers extended below his knees.

—Constantine IV. is mentioned by contemporary historians as having the most handsome beard in his dominions

## HOUSEKEEPING WORK.

It May Be Rendered Easy by Proper Previsions.

Whether or not housekeeping is hard work depends a great deal on how it is done. It certainly is not play; indeed, there is nothing in the world in the way of duties that most of the intelligent people who live in it are willing to call other than hard work if they are obliged to busy themselves at it day after day, week after week and year after year.

It is not always that housekeeping is such hard work, even under unfavorable circumstances; it is monotonous.

Up-to-date housekeeping need not be very hard work if one is well and arranges matters with any system. In the first place, the house must be properly built. The dining-room and kitchen must not be far removed from each other, and pantries, closets and store rooms are to be as near at hand as possible. There must be a laundry, with hot and cold water and arrangements for boiling clothes and heating irons. If this is provided, the kitchen floor should be covered with a matting.

If carpets are considered necessary to the comfort of the household, they may be arranged rug fashion, with a border of inlaid wood, or if the floors are not good, of fine matting. This makes sweeping comparatively easy, as a brush clears the margins, and the carpet-sweeper puts the middle of the room in proper condition. The stairs should have plates in the corners, so that there is no tedious and troublesome digging out of acute angles.

There should be screens to keep out flies in the summer, and weather-strips to keep out the dust all the year around. A furnace with the most improved dust-flues is a necessity, and the kitchen range must have a good draft, and be of an up-to-date pattern. The rooms should not be overloaded with bric-a-brac and furniture, but may be tastefully and daintily furnished without entailing upon the housewife the never-ending care of a lot of cumbersome fixings that are better out of sight than in.

A liberal supply of kitchen utensils should be provided, and there should be a sufficient closet space, so that when one is required, a dozen need not be displaced in order to get at it.

Closets and pantries should have snugly-fitted doors, with weather-strips to keep out the dust. The housekeeper who has never tried weather-strips on her pantry doors has little idea of their advantage. As for the daily food, if people are content to live simply, and this is very much better than elaborate meals and too much attention to what one eats, the meals may be prepared without great labor. In the morning, vegetables may be made ready for the dinner, and much of the details of the meals of the day attended to. Some housekeepers think it next door to a disgrace to put away the dishes from one day's meal and wash with those of the next morning, but this method has points of grace, as can be attested by some who have tried it.

The food should be put away, and the dishes gathered and carefully placed, in snug shape, in a large dishpan. Over these place a thick cloth, to keep them from getting too dry. The table may remain spread from meal to meal, if the dining-room is used for no other purpose.

By looking ahead a little, and working with brains as well as hands, the duties of the household are, to a great extent, simplified, systematized and reduced to easy and manageable proportions.—N. Y. Ledger.

## UNCLE EPH AND THE CYCLIST.

Not Hard for One Used to "Toting Barrels o' Sugar."

An athletic old colored man, who in his youth was employed in a sugar refinery in New Orleans, is now a helper in a bicycle store uptown.

When he is not otherwise employed it is his duty to give beginners their first lessons. The school of instruction is in the street, and almost every evening Uncle Eph may be seen standing the wheel for some uncertain novice. The work is not easy, and only a very powerful fellow could stand it so well as the aged but well preserved dandy does.

The other day there came a new pupil to the bicycle store. It was a lady past 40, still quite fair but undeniably fat. She stated her case very diffidently; said she thought she was past the bicycle riding age, and that she feared she would never succeed in mastering the wheel, but the family doctor had prescribed a bicycle. So there she was.

It was Uncle Eph who was assigned to give her the first lesson. No cavalier could have been more gallant. He showed her how to mount and what to do with her hands and feet. Then for one hard-working hour the mighty old Hercules kept that wheel upright, to the admiration of the streetful of people who saw him.

After the lesson was over the pupil thanked him profusely. "I'm so heavy," she said, apologetically, "and you held me up the whole time. I'm afraid I must have tired you dreadfully!"

"Law, ma'am," said Uncle Eph, "I ain't a bit tired. You see, Iuster wuk in New Orleans, an' I got use ter totin' barrels o' sugar."—N. Y. Journal.

## Mush Gums.

Put half a pint of milk and same of boiling water over the fire. When hot add one cupful of corn meal. Stir and cook ten minutes. Add two teaspoonfuls of butter and a teaspoonful of salt and set aside to cool. When cold add two eggs beaten separately, first the yolks, then the whites. Bake in germ pans in a moderate oven 20 minutes and serve warm. A teaspoonful of baking powder should also be used. These are very nice made either of white or yellow meal.—Ladies' World.

## No Room for Doubt.

"Jobson, I do believe that if you were given your choice between me and your pipe, you would hesitate."

"That's where you make a mistake, Mrs. Jobson. A pipe soothes and comforts a man in his old age."—N. Y. Herald.

## A FRUIT DIET.

Very Often Prevents Recourse to the Use of Medicines.

Descanting upon the value of a fruit diet on account of its antiscorbutic action, a medical writer offers some suggestions and makes some statements which may well be repeated and emphasized. He says: "This lemon-juice cure for rheumatism is founded on scientific facts, and having suffered myself from acute gout for the last 15 years, I have proved over and over again the advantages which are obtained from eating fruit. Garrod, the great London authority on gout, advises his patients to take oranges, lemons, strawberries, grapes, pears, etc. Tardieu, the great French authority, maintains that the salts of potash found so plentifully in fruits are the chief agents in purifying the blood from these rheumatic and gouty poisons. Perhaps in our unnatural, civilized society, sluggish action of the bowels and liver is responsible for more actual misery than any other ailment. Headache, indigestion, constipation, haemorrhoids, and a generally miserable condition are but too often the experience of the sufferer, and to overcome it about half the drugs in the world are given in all sorts of compounds. But bring in your fruit and the whole scene changes. If we go through the back streets of our large towns how many pallid-faced, listless-looking people and children swarm about us, and they have, as a rule, plenty of food."

"As a medicine I look upon fruit as a most valuable ally. When the body is in that breaking-up condition known as scurvy, the whole medical profession look upon fruit and fresh vegetables as the one and only known remedy. I believe the day will come when science will use it very much more largely than it does now in the treatment of many of the everyday ailments. Impure blood means gout, rheumatism, skin diseases, rickets and other troubles. As it is proved that fruit will purify and improve the quality of the blood, it must follow that fruit is both food and medicine combined. In fevers I use grapes and strawberries, giving them to my patients in small but frequent doses—grapes and baked apples, if the others are not obtainable. For rheumatism plenty of lemons are invaluable. White girls with miserable, pallid complexions want a quart of strawberries; where these are not obtainable, bananas, which contain much iron, are a good substitute. Probably of all fruits the apple stands unrivaled for general purposes in the household; either raw or cooked it can be taken by nearly everybody, and it contains similar properties to the more delicate fruits. To my mind the pear is more easily digested than the apple, and for eating uncooked is superior to it. Dried fruits should be used when green cannot be obtained. If soaked for a few hours before cooking, they make a capital substitute for fresh fruit, and they come cheaper to the consumer."—Good Health.

## CHEESE AND CHAMPAGNE.

Sad Experience Told by Richard Mansfield in a Harp Luck Symposium.

A number of gentlemen of the acting and writing persuasion were sitting in the Vendome this other evening exchanging hard luck stories. Everyone in the party had run up against grim fate more or less violently at one time or another. The saddest experience was told by Richard Mansfield.

"It was a good many years ago," said Mr. Mansfield, "and I was stone broke in London. I had exactly a shilling in my pocket, and I had not had a meal all day. Presently I met a friend of mine, arrayed more gorgeously than Solomon—evidently bound for a dinner or a theater. He hailed me with great joy. It was a dinner he was to—dinner with Lord Cavendish, or some other member of swelldom. In the flush of anticipation my friend said to me:

"I tell you what we'll do; we'll go in somewhere and have a drink." And he guided me into one of the many Bodegas places about London. They sell a good glass of champagne there, you know, on draught for sixpence. They have a huge cheese out all the time that one can help one's self from. That cheese, you see, is the nearest approach in London to the American free lunch system."

"Late lamented," interrupted one of the newspaper men.

"Yes, well, I had the champagne, and I did full justice to the cheese, which was tremendously fine. All of which, however, if you know anything about mixing champagne and cheese, was making me hungrier every moment. I was just beginning to wonder how far my shilling would go in appeasement of the huge appetite I felt when my friend said: 'Hang it all!'

"He was feeling in his pockets with a perfect frenzy. Then he said: 'I say, old man, I'm awfully sorry, but I haven't a penny about me. Would you mind paying for that champagne?'

"And I handed over my last shilling to pay for that hunger-raising glass."—N. Y. Journal.

## Blunders.

Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of gracefully acknowledging one's errors. The man who makes a blunder and sticks to it is a person with whom argument or controversy is impossible. The trouble and time spent in attempting to convince him of the truth are completely wasted; for he will still believe that what he has advanced must be right, even in the face of actual demonstration that it is wrong. On the other hand, of the action of one who will admit with frank and ready courtesy that he has been mistaken, it may be said that it "blesseth him that gives and him that takes,"—it covers his own retreat with gracefulness, and gives his adversary a pleasant memory of an encounter with a generous foe.—Detroit Free Press.

## Economy is Praiseworthy; Penury is Despicable.

—Chicago Standard.

## MORE GENIUS THAN GUMPTION.

Inventors Whose Ideas Have Made the Wrong Men Rich.

Just why inventive genius and gullibility should go together it is hard to say. Certain it is that inventors are the most guileless individuals in their dealings with others on business matters, and fall easy victims to the spiders who lie in wait for such flies. The list of clever men who walk to-day while those who ride owe their luxury to the other man's genius and their own shrewdness is an interesting one. Here are a few cases picked haphazard from the chronicle of inventions that fail to benefit the inventor, or, at least, produced for him merely a little of what was his due.

It is not necessary to be very old to remember when hooks were first put on men's shoes in place of holes, in order to save time in lacing the shoe at the top. This was the brilliant idea of an inventor to whom it should have brought a fortune. It would have done so had he been a shrewd business man. Being merely an inventor, he hadn't sense enough to keep his idea to himself until the patent office padlock had secured it against theft. In the innocence of his nature the inventor confided the idea to a friend, while crossing the North river on a ferryboat, and the friend hardly waited for the boat to tie up in Jersey City before he excused himself, started back to New York and went on a dead run to a patent lawyer, in order to have the idea secured for his own especial benefit. Another man is known to-day as the inventor of the lace hooks. He owns a splendid house, and is wealthy. The confiding inventor got nothing.

The inventor of a patent stopper for beer bottles, something that had long been wanted by the trade, sold the invention for \$10,000 to a man who recognized its great money-making value. The purchaser is now worth \$5,000,000, all of which he made from the sale of the patent stopper. Out of the goodness of his heart he presented the original owner of the patent with \$30,000, so that the man got \$40,000 in all for his \$2,000,000 idea. To give some notion of the value of the patent rights on this bottle stopper, it may be said that when the patent expired and others began selling the stopper, the price came down from one dollar to six and seven cents a gross, and even at this enormous reduction a good profit could be made.

This last inventor was treated with princely generosity, however, in comparison with the genius who devised a pocketbook clasp in the shape of interlocking clasps with balls at the end, that snapped shut with a slight pressure. The idea was afterwards applied to gloves, and became very much in favor. The inventor relinquished his prize for the magnificent reward of a kidney stew dinner and 50 cents, the latter to pay the inventor's expenses from Newark to New York. The man who secured the idea and patented it, after treating the inventor in the royal manner mentioned, made a big fortune by his shrewdness. What became of the inventor is not known.

Another example of the lack of wisdom in the average inventor's make-up is a man who has conceived almost as many novel ideas in a different way as has Edison in the electrical world. This man has made several fortunes and lost them. To-day he is as poor as a church mouse, but is hard at work on many new inventions, with some of which he promises to make a sensation. He came into prominence some years ago in connection with a nickel-in-the-slot machine that was patented in almost every country in the world. Leaving a partner to look after the interests of the firm in New York, the inventor traveled through the country selling state rights.

The state rights were gobbled up in every direction, and \$125,000 was shipped in various sums to the New York office. One fine day the inventor, while enthusiastically pushing his work of selling state rights, received a telegram stating that the sheriff was in possession of the nickel-in-the-slot company's plant, and the firm was being sued by creditors. The inventor hurried back to find that the \$125,000 had been quietly secured by the New York partner in his own name, while all that was left for the inventor was the plant and the debts of a clamoring army of creditors.

The courts could do nothing. Scandalous had the inventor been that no legal artillery could be brought to bear on the case. The partner is now traveling through Europe on the money he secured, while the poor inventor is trying to retrieve his fortune in sackcloth, ashes and perspiration in a little four by six office near the city hall.—N. Y. Recorder.

## It Was Auburn.

A San Rafael mother, with hair of Titian hue, found it necessary to correct one of her little boys for some trifling misdemeanor the other day. He took his scolding with a very bad grace and walked sullenly away muttering his opinion of red-haired people in general and his mother in particular. He was called back and punished for his sauciness.

"Now," said the mother, "don't let me ever hear you say that I have red hair again. It is not red—it is auburn."

Next day the lady asked another of her boys to go in the house and get her parasol.

"Which one, mamma?" he asked.

"The red one?"

"Ooh!" exclaimed the young brother, who had been punished. "You mustn't say 'mamma's red parasol.' It is mamma's auburn parasol."—San Francisco Post.

## Lack a Requisite.

Mose Johnson (at the club)—I say, fellows, let's get up a football team. We've all got big feet an' could put up a powerful strong team.

Sporty Jackson (derisively)—Talk a reef, dar; talk a reef. How's we gwine to grow long hair?—Leslie's Weekly.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Dr. Walsh, archbishop of Dublin, is regaining his health by riding a bicycle.

—Gen. Booth has pressed living pictures into the service of the Salvation Army at the great exhibition in London.

—At the Central Presbyterian church, Atlanta, Ga., recently, Rev. G. B. Strickler delivered his farewell sermon to the congregation he has served for the last 13 years.

—"Our friends will kindly not trespass," is the unusual form in which the Mattituck, L. I., school authorities have put the notice to the public at the entrance to their unfenced schoolhouse grounds.

—Commander Ballington Booth recently stated that the Volunteers of America have 106 organized posts and 800 commanding officers, while the Volunteers' Gazette, the organ of the force, has a circulation of 15,000 copies.

—A gift of \$1,000 has lately gone from Miss Caroline W. Bruce, of New York, to the director of the Lick observatory. This sum and a recent gift from W. W. Low, of New York, will be devoted to the purchase of needed apparatus, and will make possible the continuance of certain important work.

—The following persons have been appointed on the committee to superintend the building of the new Anglo-American church in Carlsbad: Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the lord bishop of Norwich, Sir Edward and Lady Cavendish, Sir Edward and Lady Thornton, Countess Berkeley, and Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt, New York.

—Mrs. Elizabeth H. Colt, who in 1869 erected as a memorial for her deceased husband the Church of the Good Shepherd in Hartford, Conn., at a cost of \$200,000, has recently erected a handsome parish house in connection with that church as a memorial for her son, Caldwell Hart Colt, who died in 1894. No expense has been spared to make the building beautiful as well as complete in all its details.

## THE WORLD'S AGE.

Figures Mounting Up as the Work of Excavation Goes Forward.

According to Scriptural chronology, the world is about 5900 years old, the theory most generally accepted being that the creation occurred 4004 years before the beginning of the Christian era. Prof. Haynes and Hilpracht, of the University of Pennsylvania, who have been conducting excavations in the ruins of the east, have recently made discoveries which seem to prove a high state of civilization 7,000 years before the birth of Christ.

Large numbers of stone tablets have been found in Nipur, the buried city of the Euphrates, which carry back human written history nearly 3,000 years further than any records heretofore known. Prof. S. A. Binion, an eminent archaeologist and Egyptologist, a member of the Biblical-Archaeological society of London, says: "Not a doubt has been expressed as to the correctness of the dates of the tablets taken from the prehistoric Nipur and which have just been deciphered. Assyrian chronology up to the time of Sargon is not so much beset with obstacles as the Egyptian. Their scribes put down the dates, counting the years from the accession of the various rulers. The day of the month and the year are invariably given on these tablets, and as their months are lunar, bearing the same names and exactly corresponding to the present Jewish calendar, it is within easy reach of the chronologist." Nipur is upon the very spot where the Garden of Eden is thought to have been situated and a few miles from the Tower of Babel.

The ruins from which the tablets were excavated are under more than 26 feet of earth, upon the top of which were ruins of the ancient city of Nipur regarded by archaeologists as one of the oldest known.

Both of these cities, one under the other, had the same name, although they were separated by more than 5,000 years of time. Prof. Binion is of the opinion in his interesting review of archaeological discoveries printed in the New York Journal, that the first city of Nipur, the prehistoric city, was wiped out by the deluge described in the Bible. The excavations were begun in 1888, and through the munificence of friends of the University of Pennsylvania have been continued up to the present time. The explorers have been richly rewarded for their labors, although the result apparently upsets the reckonings of Biblical scholars.—Baltimore Sun.

## The People of Seville.

The people were as gay as the town, too gay, too commercial, too modern, M. Maurice Barres thought Seville, Spain. But, fortunately, I was quite prosaic enough to delight at the time in its constant movement and noise and life. The Sierras during the day was the center of their gaiety—Seville's Corso or Broadway or Piccadilly. It was here the hottest hours were spent. Under its awnings it was like a pleasant court; for, though peasants might pass with their donkeys, no cart or carriage could ever drive through. In the clubs on each side, their facade nothing but one open window, rows of chairs were always turned toward the street, and always held an audience as entertaining as it was willing to be entertained. The same people who in the evening filled the Plaza Nueva, there to listen to the music, sauntered in and out of the shops, where you could buy the latest French novel or the photograph of the favorite matador. But of this multitude of loungers, none seemed to have anything to do except to become violently interested the minute J. tried to sketch.—Elizabeth R. Pennell, in Century.

## The Last Resort.

She—Alfred, there is nothing in the house to eat.

He—Oh, well, let us have a bread pudding.—Detroit Free Press.